SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

FAIR AMERICAN.

(PRICE SIX-PENCE.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

FAIR AMERICAN,

A

COMIC OPERA;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

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MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Admiral Dreadnought, — — Mr. BANNISTER,
Carbine, — — — — — Mr. DODD,
Summers, — — — — — Mr. DU-BELLAMY,
Bale, — — — — — Mr. PARSONS.

WOMEN.

Angelica, — — — — — Miſs PHILLIPS,
Charlotte, — — — — — Miſs WHEELER,
Rachel, — — — — — Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

ACT I.

AIR. RACHEL.

I.

WHEN Cupid, little ſly rogue, blooming, fair, and young,
Firſt wounds the lover's heart, how ſweet's a woman's tongue;
We rob the bees of honey if we ſpeak or ſing,
But when the knot is tied, each word has then a ſting:
'Tis all click clack, whate'er we ſay,
Both jarring night and noon;
But ring the changes ſtill each day,
And talk things into tune.

II. About

II.

About his cage with joy the nimble ſquirrel climbs,
His priſon quite forgot whilſt tinkling go the chimes;
Thus huſbands manag'd well, though fetter'd to the ground,
Think, when they ſhake their chains, there's muſic in the ſound:
'Tis all click clack, whate'er we ſay,
Both jarring night and noon;
But ring the changes ſtill each day,
And talk things into tune.

RONDEAU. CHARLOTTE.

I.

Adieu! ye fleeting hours of love,
That ſtole unmark'd away;
And fondly promis'd once to prove
As bleſt each future day.

II.

Where yonder lilies ſcent the vale,
I met the faithful youth;
There firſt he breath'd his tender tale,
And vow'd eternal truth.

III. Such

III.

Such joys are paſt ; no more we meet
These well known haunts among ;
When love's muſician pipes ſo ſweet
Her plaintive evening ſong.

Adieu ! ye fleeting hours, &c.

AIR. ANGELICA.

I.

When unrelenting fates ordain
That lovers ne'er ſhou'd meet again,
What object round can joy impart,
Or wean from woe the bleeding heart ;
In ſhades and ſilent ſcenes we find
The only joy that ſoothes the mind ;
There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,
And back recall the hours of love.

II.

But, ah ! when balmy hope is fled,
To pleaſure's voice the heart is dead ;
Then mem'ry only wakes to ſhew
How deep the wretch is ſunk in woe.

The ſailor thus, who, far from ſhore,
Hears all night long the tempeſt roar,
Soon as the morning lights the ſkies,
Beholds his veſſel *bulge*, — and dies.

AIR. CARBINE.

I.

You may take a piece of gold,
And your conſcience ne'er the worſe;
When the cinkers are not told
From corruption's venal purſe;
But a bribe is a thing your ladyſhip I know,
Were I willing to receive one, never cou'd beſtow.

II.

Shou'd that lily hand ſo kind,
With good nature running o'er,
To heap favours be inclin'd,
For this one I'd take a ſcore;
But a bribe, &c.

III. Like

III.

Like a ſoldier on duty,
I conſider from this day,
I'm enliſted by beauty,
And ſhall enter into pay;
But a bribe, &c.

SONG. ANGELICA.

I.

How ſerenely the morning firſt opes its meek eye,
And looks like an angel with ſmiles from the ſky;
Yet e'er noon ſome black tempeſt with terror ſhall ſound,
And the ſpring's tender bloſſom is blown to the ground.

II.

Thus it fares with our hopes; — when love fills the heart,
In ſunſhine they riſe, and in clouds ſtill depart;
But Venus herſelf never ſhines in her ſphere,
Till that mourner the night bathes her cheek with a tear.

DUET.

DUET. ANGELICA and CHARLOTTE.

I.

Bright'ning proſpects fill my breaſt,
Peace may ſoon return again
Life's a checker'd ſcene confeſt,
Pleaſure oft ſucceeding pain.

II.

Friendſhip's genial voice is ſweet,
When with cares of love we pine;
But to make the bliſs compleat,
Love and friendſhip both be mine.

AIR. SUMMERS.

I.

Fickle youth, thro' the garden of beauty may range
And from fair one, to fair one, inconſtantly change,
Like the bee in the bell of the couſlip repoſe,
Steal a kiſs from the lily, then wing to the roſe,
But ſhould Hymen once happen the ſpoiler to meet,
He compels him for life to enjoy the ſame ſweet.

II.

Nor complain of hard fate, but imprint on your mind
That true pleaſures ſhou'd be, like rich odours, confin'd;
Mark the drop that diſtils from a cloud as it croſt,
If it fall in the ſeas, how for ever it's loſt,
And paſſion divided, like a ſpark will depart
But when Hymen has fix'd it, a flame lights the heart.

CARBINE.

I.

Should love throw a ſhell,
What ſoldier can tell,
On which ſide the danger may fall;
By a glance from the eye,
Your poor Carbine may die
As if ſhot thro' the heart by a ball.

II.

When a beauteous maid
With glitt'ring parade,
Appears in the blaze of her charms;
To reſiſt is in vain,
We are taken or ſlain,
So I always lay down my arms.

ACT II.

AIR. ANGELICA.

I.

AH! Ceaſe fond youth to plead again,
Too ſoon I muſt unfold,
The ſecret cauſe of all my pain,
That ſtill I wiſh untold.

II.

Like one in exile doom'd to roam,
When diſtant I ſhall be,
My thoughts ſhall always dwell at home,
With gratitude and thee.

AIR. BALE.

I.

Prudence hath been long confeſt,
Valour's better part to be,
Of two generals he's the beſt,
Who with caution acts like me.

Were

Were I by trade
A fighting blade,
This maxim ſhou'd
With me hold good,
That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

SONG. Rachel.

I.

He who'd win my heart muſt ſhow,
That he doats upon me ſo,
Every thought has left him quite
But to pleaſe me morn and night,
Sighing ſtill, I burn, I die,
In the ſun-ſhine of thine eye.

II.

Woman's heart delights to prove
That ſhe conquers man by love,
Where is all his boaſted pride,
When he ſits by beauty's ſide?
Sighing ſtill, &c.

III. Every

III.

Every warbler of the grove
Learns his ſweeteſt note from love
And the youth to beauty dear
Speaks in muſic to her ear,
Sighing ſtill, &c.

AIR. DREADNOUGHT

I.

Ye gallant ſouls, that beat ſo high,
With England's glory in each vein,
From his example learn to die,
Whoſe honour never knew one ſtain.

II.

At break of day two ſail appear'd,
And on the larboard-quarter ſtood;
For action ſtrait the decks were clear'd,
Which ſoon, alas! were dy'd with blood.

III. My

III.

My friend maintain'd th' unequal fight;
Till bringing all his guns to bear:
With red-hot balls their thunders fright,
And up one Frenchman blew in air.

IV.

The other ſtruck her colours now:
But, oh! too late his life to ſave;
For, e'er the hoſtile flag was low,
A ſhot had mark'd him for the grave.

SONG. Dreadnought.

I.

Thro' waves and winds, in days that are no more,
You held the helm, and ne'er ran foul of ſhore;
In pitch-dark nights, your reck'ning prov'd ſo true,
We rode out ſafe the hardeſt gale that blew.
And when for fight the ſignal high was ſhewn,
Thro' ſmoke and fire, old Boreas ſtrait bore down:
But now our timbers are not fit for ſea;
Old England's wooden walls, the toaſt ſhall be.

II.

From age to age, as ancient ſtory ſhews,
We rul'd the deep, in ſpite of envious foes;
And ſtill aloft, tho' worlds combine, we'll riſe,
Now all at home are ſplic'd in friendly ties.
In loud broadſides we'll tell both France and Spain,
We're own'd by Neptune, ſov'reigns of the main.
O! wou'd my timbers were now fit for ſea;
Yet England's wooden walls my toaſt ſhall be.

ACT III.

AIR. SUMMERS.

I.

The image dear upon my heart
So deep is grav'd by love,
No time or change can make it part,
Or wean my thoughts to rove.

II.

Time from his wings diſpenſes ſtill
Some charm unknown before,
With love increas'd my heart to fill,
And bind me to adore.

III.

Thus medals bear th' imperial grace,
And are with wonder ſhewn;
Whole ages can't the ſtamp deface
Until they're melted down.

AIR. RACHEL.

I.

The very ſame journey I once took myſelf,
But not for a huſband—Heigho!
My miſtreſs, afraid that ſhe'd lie on the ſhelf,
Elop'd with a ſprightly young beau.

II.

What pairs of fond turtles we met on the road,
All billing and cooing—Heigho!
Nay ſome for the journey ſuch fondneſs had ſhew'd,
An infant they took for a beau.

III.

Oh! What would I give now to be in your place;
I ne'er would ſtand ſighing, heigho!
But try if youth cou'd not from age win the race,
And fly with my ſprightly young beau.

AIR.

AIR. DREADNOUGHT.

I.

If you'll conſent, my lovely dear,
To be a ſailor's wife,
By truth you'll find me always ſteer
Throughout the voyage of life.

II.

No jealous winds with rage ſhall roll
To veer his courſe from love;
Fix'd as the needle to the pole,
His thoughts ſhall always prove.

III.

I've been on India's wealthy coaſt,
But nothing there I prize,
Like rubies, which thoſe lips can boaſt;
Like diamonds in thoſe eyes.

DUET.

DUET. DREADNOUGHT and ANGELICA.

DREADNOUGHT.

Truth is the cordage binds my heart,
And that will break if we muſt part.

ANGELICA.

Then pr'ythee be advis'd by me,
And love your pilot ſafe will be.

DREADNOUGHT.

By the ſtars above, I've known
Rocks and ſhelves at night to ſhun,
But thoſe eyes henceforth ſhall be
Like the ſtars in heaven to me.

ANGELICA.

You'll ne'er deceive me.

DREADNOUGHT.

Not I, believe me.

ANGELICA.

Oh, what a charming ſwain is mine.

DREADNOUGHT.

Oh, what a blooming prize is mine.

4 AP 54

THE END.